

The Sweetest Thing by [littlemissmileven](#)

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Summary: Mike was hers - El was his. It was that simple, wasn't it?

Isn't love just the sweetest thing.

1. Chapter 1

It was humid and hot.

My hands were sticky, chocolate ice-cream had wedged its way through my fingers and onto my sleeveless dress. I didn't seem to mind though, not when the summer breeze swept back my hair lazily and I hummed in satisfaction.

My back was bare, it laid tiny little Goosebumps as the sun finally rested against it. Another sound seemed to escape me, only this time it happened to be a small moan. It felt nice, my back arched at the sudden warmth and I took comfort in that. "Babydoll, what's got you making those noises?" I snap my head to the side, my eyes resting on a fiery red head. Long ringlets filled at her face, dimples pressed against the corners of her cheeks but what always seemed to catch my attention was her eyes.

It wasn't the fact that they were a rich blue - or that they were alluring when Max needed a quick fix. It used to be whatever could get her on a strong high, Hawkins didn't have many dealers but that didn't stop max from getting her mind away from things. If she couldn't get the drugs she wanted than she'd take people instead. She'd bare her flashy smile that worked every single time, perch herself on their laps at any bar she managed to get herself into with her shitty fake ID, and within minutes she'd be fucking them in the back alley. Her skirt pushed up roughly against her cream coloured thighs, if she chose to wear underwear that night it would be pushed to the side. All it took was -

One,

two,

three;

seconds was all it took for them to be inside of her brutally. She choose the damaged ones, it made her feel somewhat normal. She took and took and took, until she milked them dry and had them groaning in her neck like little boys.

If Max Mayfield couldn't get her temporary high - than she'd find the only other comfort that clogged her brain, even if it was for a mere moment. I never judged though, not when she'd slip into my bedroom window after every fuck. I never gave sympathy when she cried in my arms, muttering endless whimpers and soundless cries that seemed to scream; "Why is nothing ever enough?"

I met her when I was six years old, she was different. Hawkins Indiana didn't like that, not when it was such a small town. She frightened them all though, except for me. I was a fragile little thing back then, pale and scrawny, big eyes that seemed to catch attention off others. That's how the nickname Babydoll became my first name, She knew my real name was Jane. But Hawkins was already plain enough, having another girl bare the name Jane would just not do.

At least not to Max.

She perched herself off her side and leaned against the park tree as she peered down at me, her eye's filled with amusement as her red-coloured lips held a cigarette between her front gapped teeth. I laid where I was, nestled between the picnic basket I stole off Mother this morning as I snuck in a sandwiches and a blanket to keep us company on such a fun day.

Mother didn't approve of her, neither did Father but what could they do when there only child had seemed to snatch one friend for her entire life?

"It's this heat. I swear if it was always this sunny, you'd be hearing me moaning for days M," I sighed leaning over the basket and pulling out a handkerchief to rub off the remaining ice-cream stains. Max took a few greedy puffs, smoke oozing itself from her as I than reached over and pried the freshly used cigarette from her lips and onto the muddy ground. Within a second, it was wet and cold and left a smile hanging from my lips.

"Oh M, when are you going to realise smoking is a bad habit huh?" I breathe out, I arch one eyebrow as I take notice of her change of demeanour. Max becomes more alert now, extra cautious and always on guard it seemed. She did this, when I tried pulling her out of her bad habits. I can't blame her though, it's all she had. She couldn't rely

on her parents. Her mother was a coked-up addict, constantly in and out of rehab and the laughing stock of the town. Her dad was worse though, he was usually home.

But he was never *there*.

He was *never* really there when Max needed shopping money for next week's groceries, so she'd spend her remaining days eating at my house. Frank was *never* there when his wife needed guidance and a loving husband to stop her blinding addiction, instead, he choose brothels and woman that were faceless but had the right curves to make him forget his pain.

When you were a Maxwell, pain was the only thing that was durable. Never warmth, or laughter but instead scorching amounts of pain that left Max shaking in my arms when she would sneak into my room. It made her wither in agony but it was different on the night's were teenaged boys pressed themselves against her, she liked the dull ache that nestled its way between her silky thighs. It was something she had become accustomed too, addiction was all she had, *it was everything she stood for*.

It was Max's turn to throw her head back against the tree. Her now un-hardened eye's following the moving clouds, watching in careful appreciation." I wouldn't be saying those words so loud, we wouldn't want Mikey hearing that. If he saw you moaning like that, especially the way you were moment's before, he'd throw you over his knee in a matter of seconds." Max cackled at the last part, it was her turn to let out a loud moan as the sun fell against her freckled nose. A spurt of giggles arouse from my mouth suddenly at her loudness, Max's eye's snapped wide open, her own mouth beginning to snicker slightly as we erupted into a chaotic mess of laughter.

She was the cherry to my strawberry milkshake, she was the last pit of apple crumble that I couldn't wait to indulge as she filled my senses and cured my sheer sadness for that split moment. She was fucking angelic and I couldn't get enough of her, she was my best friend and that was the end of it.

"Mike wouldn't dare." I said, smacking her shoulder lightly as I arouse from my spot and planted myself firmly beside her. Her wispy hair

tickled the end's of my ear as I twisted it between my forefinger and thumb, my head finding it's usual place nestled against her neck and shoulder.

We sat there in silence, breathing everything in. It was moment's like this that made me nauseous, one day this would become a memory. Max would become a memory, even Mike would be too.

Mike.

My eyes fall closed as I imagined him. There aren't enough words to describe what I feel for that boy and I'm scared there never will be. The hairs on the back of my neck tingle and threaten to stand as I shiver and continue to push my face into Max's clothed shoulder. He's a walking sin, he knows it, and the whole goddamn town knows it too. My breathing hitched at Max's last words, I pictured his hands *on me* and *in me*, my thighs clamp together effortlessly and a sudden urge to see him pulls at my core.

I hate this feeling - it's becoming more needy and desperate. A never ending ache I can't seem to shake off. No amount of secret touches and unspoken words can fill the emptiness that has seemed to drown my thought's since Mike became something.

Something hidden, only few people knew about. How could people understand? He was the King at Belview High. He dominated every social clique, people either feared, praised him or wanted to fuck his brains out. No one would ever understand how Mike Wheeler ended up with me, one of the outcasts, one of the local freaks of Hawkins.

I remind myself over and over, like a melody:

He was mine, just as I was his.

But I start laughing manically, my breathing rapid and shallow as I continue to laugh until I screech into the humid air, my nails digging into my palms as I unwrap my grip from Max's hair and she lays still, unbothered and no judgement seeping onto her features and I can feel the small ache beginning to burn.

It becomes faster as I dig my nails harder, and harder and harder.

The ache never seems to disappear and I choke back on my laughter now, I quickly scan the park. It's empty, apart from a few pigeons pigging there way through the remains of left over bread and cigarette buds. Max understands though, she knows the feeling of reliance as it burns heavily on her. She knows that Mike Wheeler is my addiction.

She knows she's not the only warm body that sneaks in my bedroom past Father's curfew, She knows her arms aren't the only ones that drape against my body most nights, and she knows this has been going on for *months* and *months* and I haven't done a *fucking thing* to stop it.

I repeat the mantra:

He is mine, just as I am his.

Yet, he isn't mine and the pain starts to seep in as I remember he belongs to Veronica Mars. Known for her pink frilly dresses and head cheerleading uniform. She is bitter and cold but she remains easy on the eye's with her silky blonde hair and pouty lips, I look at her and all I feel is; hate, hate, hate.

Isn't love just the sweetest thing?

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

Thoughts? What did you like? Please comment as your opinions mean a lot to me :) Pls don't forget to spread some love.

L xx

2. Chapter 2

The hallways are always an endless blur to me. Bodies forcefully colliding with each other, I remember I got pushed so hard into a one of the lockers that my shoulder ached for weeks. I didn't fight back though, it wasn't because I was scared - *no* - how could I be bothered fighting back when it seemed useless these days.

Shouting seemed *pointless*, fighting back seemed *pointless*, responding in anyway to that harsh shove just seemed utterly pointless.

So I remained quiet, I watched as bodies continuously glided and moved with swift ease as Mike and Veronica entered the busy halls. It was like time stood-still, my breathing quickened and my hands became restless but I never dared to look away from them.

Looking away meant that I somehow cared, that I was weak, so I watched in disgust but fascination began to peak into my senses and I wondered how Mike Wheeler could so perfect at lying to everyone. The difference between him and I we once had, besides that being of popularity, was the truth. I used to detest people that screamed fake, high school was a bottomless pit of fakes and how ironic it had been when I started to become one.

My heart lurched forward and banged against my chest with such force I quickly clutched my books tighter against my side, I avoided the way it felt, the way it hurt.

Mike Wheeler and Veronica Mars were the walking clichés of every high school Rom-com, every Novel perched up against the teen section in the school library, they were my walking nightmare that I faced everyday.

Except my life wasn't something worth watching, maybe instead it was one worth examining. What I mean to say is that the way Veronica Mars looked at me - with such distaste but there was always something else hidden from her angelic features, but it swirled within her eye's and it made me nervous.

I felt like a bug. A small, weak bug that she cautiously kept her eye's

on until one day I would be able to be crushed and disposed of. That would be a weight lifted off her shoulders, *that was something I already knew* and was counting down the hours for. Yet part of me wished for when she decided to dispose of me, that it would be away from Hawkins and away from anyone that resembled Mike Wheeler.

There wasn't a need for that though, not when my lungs felt like they were collapsing all on their own without her help and my windpipe beginning to crush as they moved closer towards me. Each step shortened my breath and made my heart ache, not in love or admiration but in sheer pity.

Did Veronica know that while Mike kissed her openly and freely, he choose to kiss me in the night's with such intensity?

Our kisses were always so forceful, so urgent and desperate, almost as if he was trying to remember the way I tasted against his lips. The way our breaths mixed together as he battled for dominance over me every single time, our tongues always clashing, our clothed hips thrusting with sudden urgency that I would bit back my lip to keep myself from crying out.

"That's it, baby." He would breathe out, trailing butterfly-like kisses across my collarbones. I felt so dainty and small against his strong hold. His hands were always so warm and firm against my skin, the way he knew I liked, *loved*. "Tell me I'm the only one who can make you feel this way." He'd then begin to nip at my skin, daring for me to protest, to argue back that I didn't belong to him.

Even if I did, we both knew it was a lie.

How could I respond though, when his torturing hands played along the edges of my lace underwear. Forever teasing me until I was breathless and began melting against him, into him, almost as if I was trying to consume him.

And maybe I was . . . but I just didn't seem to care.

That's when the begging would begin, my voice sounding foreign against my tongue as I pleaded for him. Sometimes I would think that this was a game to him. He had everything he wanted and more.

Maybe Veronica bored him with their sex, maybe winning every single game and scoring every touch down wasn't as exciting as it used to be, or maybe fucking one of Hawkins's biggest freaks was the right amount of high he needed to sustain his role of being King in this small, wasteful town.

I didn't care because all that seemed to matter was him touching me. My skin felt alive when he was near, it felt scorched as he would pull and tug at my hair as he would yank at it to get to my neck. My sweetest spot, I only needed one open-mouthed kiss to it and he'd have me begging for him in mere seconds.

I'd cry out, "I'm yours, please don't stop. Don't you dare stop touching me."

And he didn't, he never stopped. It seemed he'd be dying to touch me whenever he could, even at all costs, and I let him every single time. It started off fun, adrenaline would fill us both up as he ever so slowly, would put his calloused hands in my underwear while Mrs McCarthy read out Romeo and Juliet to the entire class.

No one noticed ever. Half of them would have their heads against the front of their desks, their eyes firmly shut as they blocked out her ramblings. The other's that were left in the class simply were too busy studying the screen's on there phone to pay any attention to *us*.

No one would dare picture Mike Wheeler fingering El Hooper, not when he had the perfect petite blonde by his side, mirroring his perfect image.

So . . . I watched them make their way towards her locker, their lips fumbling against one another's in a lazy fashion, his thumb pressing circular motions against her cheek as she smiled up at him. I knew I had enough of it all, I shook my head slowly, almost as if I was unsure of myself or what I would dare do next.

Go to him!

My heart yelled furiously at the sight of them, the anger didn't seem to burn out either.

What are you doing? He's right there. Grab him, kiss him, show everyone in this miserable town that he is yours and yours only.

Instead with careful consideration I turned away, making sure not to trip on my feet in the process as I moved further and further into the busy hallways and away from them. My heart still wasn't done screaming for him, I could feel it closing in on me. It began surrounding me slowly with resignation.

He may have my heart but I don't have his.

And I don't think I ever will.

I ignore the way my heart pleaded for it's *almost lover*. This was only temporary, I tell myself. My legs had somehow managed to find there way to my locker. My eye's unable to notice the fresh ink draped across the front of it.

The words screamed at me;

Whore.

Freak.

Ugly.

None of it seemed to matter, not anymore. I needed Max and I needed her now. Twenty minutes until she'd be out of homeroom. I slowly began counting back as my forehead was pressed tightly to my locker, ignoring the way my forehead began alerting me that I was in fact hurting myself. That *maybe*, just maybe, there could be a possibility that the metal was digging into my skin.

I was so sure that there would be markings left. Leaving angry, bright red traces behind.

59 . . . 58 . . . 57 . . . 56 . . . 55

My mouth was forming the numbers but my mind remained solely on him. I craved him with such desperation that it left me feeling scared. We had fights, lots and lots of them, but never ones were it felt like this.

This time it had been different, there were no words being exchanged through screaming matches. There was no tears, nor whimpers, not even the sound of a deafening slap was heard. Because that's just it, I didn't have to fight him this time. I didn't have to start an argument to win his attention, because I saw it.

I saw them. I witnessed it all for *months and months*.

And just like that every moment with him became a memory that I implanted within myself. I would remember the way his taught body felt against my own but I would never dare to let him touch again. Not with all this suffering. Mike Wheeler may have had my heart at some point in time, but I would never let him seep his way back.

It was stitching itself back together without him, piece by piece, and at 11:01 when my parents finally fall asleep soundlessly and Mike is due any second now. . .

I will finally lock my window as well as my heart too.

AUTHORS NOTE:

Thoughts! Likes and dislikes? I wanna hear it all, please don't be scared to leave a review. I love all feedback :)

Can we get to 10 comments?

Lots of love,

L x

3. Chapter 3

"You know Mikey loves you right? He's just got a fucked up way of showing it, but you'd be an idiot not to notice - even the way he looks at you is so intense, it even freaks me out. " Max grumbles out, her voice rough and patchy. I can already imagine what's she's doing. Sweeping her fiery hair to the side of her neck as she aimlessly begins trashing her room to find the last packet of cigarettes I hid of hers, it was useless though.

Not when I had them in my hands as we speak, her breathing quickens and I can already tell she's beginning to panic but I don't make a sound. It's so easy to picture, like a moving image being played on repeat. I know this because she's grown on me, she's been attached and stitched onto my soul, whether she knew or not.

But deep down I knew I'd never have to tell her, she always knew.

I'm doing what's right, I'm trying to *help*. One less addiction in her stash of many couldn't be so harmless to lose, so I remained mute. I waited for the low groans to end until suddenly, I hear a high pitching scream coming from the end of the phone and I flinch away.

She's about to click and I'm feeling nauseous again, if she hangs up, I might fall apart right than and there. I might become achy and weak for him yet again, that I won't be able to remember the way my fingers flicked the lock off my window.

Because I'll be too busy waiting for him, waiting for our usual routine to begin. Of his feather-like kisses and breathy apologies and I'll sigh into his clothed chest. Closing my eyes as I breath him in, I will sigh in content as his fingers begin to run down my back and he will wait patiently. Until I'm ready to open my eye's and look at him.

I mean *really* look at him.

Catch a glimpse of the person I know he really is but never dared to show anyone except me. There's so much good in him and yet he doesn't think he's worth fixing. At least not by my hand. I want to scream and throw sharp thing's at him because I don't want to be the

one to fix him.

I want him to be the one to shake the bad away and bring out only the good. It hides and I continue to wait for him to change. It's useless and self-mutilating on myself but I never leave. Leaving wouldn't just destruct me, it would evaporate every bit of feeling I had left for anything anymore.

But I have to do what is best, if he won't protect my heart. . .

Than I will.

The screeches from Max threaten to get bigger and panic arises in me because I know if Frank hears her, she will be screaming from a different kind of pain and I'll have to shut my eyes because I won't be able to do a single thing to stop it. So I sit up quickly in my bed, pressing the phone even tighter to the shell of my ear. "I need you to breath," I say slowly, assuringly. Her screams turn into whimpers but it's still too loud.

"Breath with me," I continue to push her over the phone and she complies. Her breathing shortens and begins to follow in the same direction as mine and my body begins to feel lose again. I know she will be okay now, so I lay limp against the bedframe and look at the window.

It's daunting me like a test. It's daring me to pull it open and dive right through it and into Mike's awaiting arms. It's saying; *If you hate it so much here than leave.*

But how could I when my heart lives and breaths here.

"Baby doll," She tells me. "I need to see you." And so do I, I'm ready to break apart in her arms and bury myself in her cheap strawberry shampoo that smells heavenly but I can't. Not tonight, because tonight will be the night of my undoing and I know that I will be a mess. A type of state that Max has never seen me in, nor my parents but only him.

He has seen every puckered scar across my broken skin, every burn mark that rested on the tops of my pale thighs and I would throw my

head back in pleasure as he kissed them one by one. So tenderly, so gently, and I know this was Mike's way of showing that he cared. He was never good with his words, but when his mouth and tongue came out to play it was all he needed.

I throw my hands across my face, bringing my mouth to my palm and clamping down hard on it. *I will not break.* I repeat the words for a second time in my mind, *I will not break.*

"Soon, I promise." I nod into the phone, which is useless because there's no one in my room to see. It's all I can say to her, it's all I can give in this moment.

Thunk, thunk, thunk.

I don't jump off my bed in excitement like before, my heart doesn't pound against my chest the way it once did. Instead, I don't move. I don't breath, I sit and listen as the sounds become louder but I stay very still. "What is it? What's wrong?" Max's voice breaks me out of my trance. She's firm but cautious and I know my girl is back. My silence is enough for her to know something isn't right.

I barely mutter the words, "Mike's here." My heart feels heavy as it weeps; *Let him in*, it says but I refuse. My phone is buzzing with urgency and I pull the phone back in alarm, the words bite back at me that I choke on my breath as I stare at the screen.

Incoming call off Mike Wheeler.

My fingers are shaky and I decline the call with uneasiness as I put Max back to my ear. I put my hand over my mouth once more and kept the unleashed tears at bay, I let out a defeated sigh. "He just called me. I can't do it, I can't let him keep doing this to me."

And then I hear, "Baby doll!" It was a loud whisper, his voice held frustration. "Let me in, I know your in there."

I would've panicked by now and let him in, worrying if my parents could hear him. This time it was safe though, I had slipped two sleeping pills in their nightly teas and I knew they wouldn't be able to hear the upcoming cries I'd inflict on myself all night once I'd kicked

him out of my life for good.

"Jane." And the thumping of my heart seizes to a complete stop. Max never calls me that, unless it was serious. She continues, "You are better than him and this. You are better than this neighbourhood and you deserve to get out. You've got this, call me immediately once it's over. Don't you dare think I'm leaving you alone in this, I'll be coming over with all your favourites."

"I love you," was all I said to her, and quietly. I didn't give her a chance to respond as I ended the call and I quickly got off my sheets and leaned against the window.

Mike caught sight of me and everything went quiet, silence invaded my ears as he stared up at me through the glass. Maybe he was waiting for me to make the first move, or maybe he was assuming I'd open the front door for him. Instead I smiled sadly down at him and mouthed the words; *Go home*.

His face holds disbelief and he shakes his head stubbornly, he continues to stay where he is, unmoving and unblinking. My phone vibrates in my hand and I don't even need to check who it is because I'm watching him. He's getting agitated but I know he's becoming worried now, I know that because the calls haven't seemed to stop and I'm afraid to answer them.

Hearing his voice could shred every bit of dignity I have left and ruin my plan. Can't he see I'm doing this for us?

Answer, he mouths back and something clicks within me.

I feel strong, I feel important and I feel wanted. I was the one who chased him, never the other way around. In the beginning it may had been his actions that led us to where we are but than he got lazy. He became unbothered and didn't seem to try anymore. It used to scare the hell out of me, It got me wondering if I was just another fuck to add to the list.

His shoulders were shaking ever so slowly and I watched in amazement as it looked as though Mike was trying not to fall apart in front of me. It was the small push I needed for me to latch the

window wide open as I took a few steps back from it and waited, I counted the seconds before he was up and in my childhood bedroom.

It only took him three quick strides before I was in his arms. His hold on me was much tighter than usual and my chest burned as I choked for air, "Wait, wait, wait." I say, pushing at his chest with all the force I could muster until it was Mike's turn to feel pain as his back hit the wall. His back collided heavily with my favourite picture of Max and I, we looked *happy*. It was a time way before boys invaded our daily conversations at school and everywhere, it was long before I had every breathed out Mike Wheeler's name.

I wished to go back, to be as free as I once looked, to be that whole again.

"What the fuck? What was that shit downstairs you were pulling huh, are you trying to piss me off? Is that it, baby? Because it's working."

Max had once told me I'd be an utter fool to fall in love with Mike Wheeler. Fucking him, yes, that was something she understood. Loving him, *no*, that would only leave me broken and mutilated. Another painful memory to add to my list of scars —

and now months later here I am, all used up.

She was right.

"I live for you," I say, my voice strained. "But you don't feel the same." My face is blank, emotionless.

The words claw at my throat, and I realise I have so much more to say to him. I throw my hands in the air and begin to stare at him with my words, the way he stared at my heartstrings and left me becoming a bitter, cold, empty *bitch*. "How do you think it makes me feel to see you with Veronica?" I whisper brokenly.

His breathing became hoarse in the darkness of my room. But I didn't dare let him speak.

"I did everything for you, but you're so fucking blind to see it and I'm done. For good this time, so stop coming here, *I don't want you here*. Delete my number, go back to pretending as if I never existed. You'll

be glad I made this choice for the both of us, there doesn't have to be anymore hiding. You and Veronica can be together without me in the way and you can finally live up to your precious reputation that I've been holding you back from. Mike, all you do is cause me pain, I..." I chocked, unable to finish as his lips stopped my words from continuing.

The kiss was brutal and raw but my lips didn't respond back to his this time. I wanted to grab at him with such urgency like he was doing with me. I wanted to brush my fingers along his cheeks with my fingertips but my arms remained at my sides. I wanted to tell him that he was the first boy I had ever loved - and I wasn't ready to stop unloving him. That I would never be able to but I was mute.

"God damn it!" He roared out, pulling away from my shaking frame as he racked his hands through his black curls. "This isn't over do you hear me? This isn't over until I say it is. And baby? We aren't even close to ending, not by a long shot."

Little did he know this was already our goodbye.

I'm suddenly tired, all my strength fell from my limbs. "I can't breathe when your near me, I want peace. You need to leave, please, just go. Don't make this any harder than it already is."

His stance softened as he took a few cautious step back away from me, "But I love you." He said without looking at me and just like that my heart crashes against my ribcage and I can feel the tears coming. I grab the closest thing I can find - a pillow from my bed and I press it against my chest to keep myself from doubling over.

I've pictured Mike saying those words to me a thousand times, but never like this. I never wanted my first time hearing it to be this sad, this damaging and that's when I knew I had to be free of this for good.

"If this is what love is supposed to feel like than I don't want it anymore."

AUTHORS NOTE:

Thoughts? This is one of my favourite works, its raw and real

**and I hope you can feel it in my words. I know this story will be
an emotional roller-coaster, but I know it will be worth it.**

I hope you guys do to.

Love you my darlings,

L x

4. Chapter 4

I suspected everyone was shocked that I hadn't shed a single tear after Mike and I ended the other night, technically everyone was only Joyce and Max. Joyce caught Mike and I once, it was exhilarating to say the least. Hooper and Joyce left for weekend away down south. Little did I know she would come home a day early because work called her in.

Mike and I were a complete mess, my skirt was bunched up against my waist. His breath was tickling my neck as I pulled and twisted his hair; little moans leaving my mouth as his lips trailed further down my neck.

He lifted me ever so suddenly and we both laughed as he moved me to the dining room. My entire bottom half was stripped bare and my ass was cold by the marble table as he pressed me against it.

My gaze had been hazy and my eye's bloodshot. We had been smoking in his car hours before, the window's sealed tight and I swear in that moment I felt as if I was out of my body and floating around me. We laughed the entire night, shared subtle touches and my entire body became alive every time he looked at me with such intensity.

Those were the moment's I thought he was in love with me, utterly, hopelessly in love with me.

Not Veronica. . . .

Me.

Only me.

That's what brought us to my house hours later. Brought us untangling our clothes, our hips brushing up against each others that I would moan over and over as I felt him.

And I fucking loved every single moment of it.

Of him.

Of us.

Then Joyce happened.

Bright lights invaded our vision and a shout had erupted heavily around the living room. I had been so disoriented that it took me a few moments to process what was happening. I gasped and immediately shuddered that my Stepmom almost saw Mike and I fucking.

To my surprise, she had let Mike stay. Except he wasn't allowed in my bedroom, that would've never stopped me though. I tiptoed down the stairs ever so gently that Mike didn't even hear me. His body was sprawled across the couch, his hair a disheveled mess from me, his lips red raw from me, and I loved it.

I had done that to him.

I continued to smile as I brushed a curl off of his forehead and pushed myself against him on the couch. He had started to mumble incoherently but became calm once again and reached for me. He pulled me onto his warm body, our legs tangled under the blanket and everything had been perfect;

Until I felt his warm breath tickle against the shell of my ear, I tensed up as I felt his lips press a dainty kiss to it, then a mumble filled my ears. I knew what was said, I knew he was awake the entire time and pretended to be asleep to be able to utter those three words to me.

I had been a fool, I wished in that moment I would've had the courage to grasp him by the shoulders and make him say those words to me with such certainty I would of never doubted his love for me again.

But I hadn't, instead, I pretended I was asleep too and ignored those three little words that pierced my heart and made me ache for the rest of that night.

"Beautiful girl," Max's voice soothed me from my thoughts, she had a strawberry milkshake that I knew she bought for me in her left hand and on her right she had nestled a stick in her palm for us to share. I

loved this girl - she knew what I needed, I wouldn't have to utter a word. One look and she would know exactly what I needed in that moment.

She patted the spot beside her on my bed and I crawled my way over until we were shoulder to shoulder. Our backs pressed against the wall and I watched as she took a draw and a laughed filled her lungs and invaded the room. Her cheeks were flushed a cherry red and I took the stick off her and did the exact same thing.

I did more and more until I floated away;

away from this goddamn awful *town*;

and far. . .

far away from *Mike*.

A/N: SHORT BUT I HOPE YOU LIKE. Please leave a review, I'd love to know what your thoughts are. Much love!

L xoxoxox